

# The Book Factory

By EDWARD ANTHONY.

SUNDRY THOUGHTS ON WILLA CATHER'S "ONE OF OURS."

## I.

An epic. . . . a poignant and beautiful tale. . . .  
Miss Cather has written a classic. . . .  
Is certain to have an unusual sale. . . .  
Best yarn since the era Jurassic. . . .  
The critics, in chorus, acclaim the event  
With the noisiest kind of delight,  
And though it would doubtless be fun to dissent,  
I gotta admit that they're right!

## II.

Although you may deem it a trifling detail,  
Miss Cather has quite a command  
Of football, a subject that causeth to quail  
Most feminine scribes in the land.  
A run around end is the same as a punt  
To the ladies who novels compose;  
So Willa has pulled an unusual stunt.  
Here's proof that the gridiron she knows:—

. . . . Toward the close of the first quarter he followed his interference safely  
around the right end, dodged a tackle which threatened to end the play, and broke  
loose for a ninety yard run down the field for a touchdown.

## III.

"Strictly speaking, she has more brains than a girl needs. . . . I'd like to  
take Enid into my office. She has good judgment. I don't know but what she'd  
run a business better than a house."—Page 148.

Shush, Willa! The feller who recently wrote  
"This Freedom" believes that a maid  
Should manage a house and assign to her spouse  
The duties of commerce and trade.

. . . . She was considered very pretty and the university boys had rushed her  
when she first came to town.—Page 55.

. . . . Claude told himself that in so far as Gladys was concerned he could  
make up his mind that he had been "stung" all along.—Page 113.

If rushed can be run minus quotes I insist  
The ones around stung have no cause to exist.

(You see, Gentle Reader, by hook or by crook  
I had to find something to knock in the book.

In the story itself there is nothing amiss,  
So I had to complain of a trifle like this.)

\* \* \*

"Bidding the Eagles of the West Fly  
On," which is Book Five of "One of Ours,"  
is a little epic of the war. This section  
of Miss Cather's story, which is almost a  
unit by itself, is a stirring piece of writing.  
Any one who does not receive a  
vertebral tingle as he reads it is a brother  
to the spineless cactus.

And Miss Cather thinks so clearly  
throughout. Listen to her philosophy, as  
expressed by David Gerhardt, a young  
Lieutenant who is puzzled by the war and  
is trying to figure out what it all means:  
". . . . The war was put up to our  
generation. I don't know what for. . . .  
When I was doing stretcher work, I had  
to tell myself over and over that nothing  
would come of it, but that it had to be.  
. . . . You remember in the old mythol-  
ogy tales how, when the sons of the gods  
were born, the mothers always died in  
agony? Maybe it's only Semele I'm think-  
ing of. At any rate, I've sometimes won-  
dered whether the young men of to-day  
had to die to bring a new idea into the  
world. . . . something Olympian. I'd  
like to know. . . ."

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVE  
LENGTHS SAYING?

Amy Lowell Reads to the Radio—News  
Item.

It took radio fans a long time to figure  
out the meanings of "WJZ," "KDHN" and  
"NPG," but it will take 'em longer than  
that to puzzle out Amy Lowell's poetry.

(Being sundry devastating ways in which  
books of verse might be greeted.)

## I.

If the author of "Lilts and Lullabies"  
didn't entertain us, he at least succeeded  
in putting us to sleep, which, after all, is  
the function of a lullaby.

## II.

Oh, well, there's a three-legged man in  
the circus; so perhaps we shouldn't score  
the author of "Sonnetedrops" for writing  
sixteen-line sonnets. Anything is possible.

## III.

Oscar Ozon, the poetic gasbag who is  
responsible for "Starlit Stanzas" would

get better results if he threw away his  
lyre and tried a wind instrument.

## IV.

We have just been reading Miguel Maw-  
ker's "Pandean Pipe Dreams." . . . This  
bard's jumpy, nervous meters suggest that

# History Condensed and Correlated

## A Review

By ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.  
WORLD HISTORY: 1815-1920. By Eduard  
Fueter. Translated by Sidney Bradshaw  
Fay. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

IN 1815, the year in which this narrative  
begins, an event of capital significance  
might take place in one of the civil-  
ized countries without appreciably affecting  
the others, adjacent or remote. Nations  
existed then in an infinitely greater degree  
of isolation, migration in the current sense  
had not really begun, the transportation  
of goods and people was unbelievably  
clumsy, the transmission of news incredibly  
slow. Napoleon died in 1821, and it was  
weeks before the news of his death reached  
Paris. Science has completely changed all  
this. Were a seemingly unmanageable fire  
to break out this afternoon in Reykjavik  
or Rochester, Calcutta or Canton, the lead-  
ing daily papers of the entire world would  
have the story before the fire chief had  
sent his brigade back to the barns.

And in the wake of science we have polit-  
ics, good, bad and indescribable. Even if  
there were no League of Nations it would  
be impossible to initiate a movement, either  
righteous or rebellious, in the least fre-  
quented corner of the earth to-day without  
arousing interest or causing concern else-  
where. The world at present is one big,  
ambitious, cantankerous family. And for  
this reason, Prof. Fueter has written this  
history. Despite the many world histories  
already catalogued in libraries, it is the

his Pegasus is being bothered by horse  
flies.

## V.

Lilly Laureate, author of "Tunes and  
Runes," is obviously strumming a lyre  
with a busted string. Buy a new string,  
Lilly, and a tuning fork, is our advice.

## VI.

Some poets write books of odes. Others  
write odious books. It is hardly necessary  
for us to say in which group Cornelius  
Cologne's "Ecstatic Trochees" belongs.

## VII.

The characters in Pindar Apollo's long  
narrative poem are not types. . . . They  
are typographical errors.

## A MODERNIZATION.

Are the English reading F. Scott Fitz-  
gerald? We notice more and more in  
English novels that that archaic British  
expression of contempt, "Go to!" is being  
supplanted by "Go to hell!"

"THE MOTHER OF ALL LIVING."  
(Robert Keable's ever so passionate Afri-  
can love story.)

Perhaps it's the climate, perhaps it is  
not—

At any rate, here is a story that's hot!

## WHEN CRITICS GET TOGETHER.

"How did you find 'The Ivory Soap  
Dish,' Gerald? Speaking for myself, I  
found it a Well Motivated Story, Replete  
with Thrills."

"You are right, there, Arnold. It has a  
Sheer Forcefulness that is Nothing if Not  
Impressive."

"It also has some excellent Comic Relief,  
Gerald—and not the Unintellectual Tom-  
foolery of the Colymists, either. The  
Sardonic Quality of the Author's Humor is  
Splendid. It is Admirably Suited to the  
Grimly Realistic Note of this Poignant  
Picture of the Upper West Side."

"Yes, the author proves that in addition  
to being a Born Story Teller he is a Satir-  
ist with a Masterly and Utterly Ruthless  
Hand."

(To be continued.)

## THE SYMPATHETIC ARTIST.

The artist who made the colored jacket  
for "Down the River" (Roscoe Brink's  
arresting, if unphilosophical, free verse  
novel) evidently felt sorry for the heroine  
when she said, on Page 12, "On our whole  
block there's only one tree." For his pic-  
ture, which shows her looking out of a win-  
dow of her flat, shows six trees. "While  
I'm making one I can make six," he prob-  
ably mused as he painted away, "and, in-  
cidentally, make the lady happy."

not, in brisker language, going to the dogs.  
He speaks of the "Europeanization" of the  
world. It is a noun that will stand the  
test of all-comers, for be Europe momen-  
tarily ready for the junk heap or for a long  
tour on the road of and to civilization, the  
fact remains that she gave the world about  
all that it has of good at this moment.  
Asia may have had her treasures, material,  
intellectual and spiritual, but it took Eu-  
rope to bring them out from the tombs of  
aesthetic and commercial inertia and broad-  
cast them over the other continents. Sup-  
pose Commodore Perry did lay to in the  
Bay of Yedo (now Tokio) (1853), shake  
hands with the Mikado, point to his war-  
ships and ask that the harbor be opened. It  
was England, France and Spain that had  
"europeanized" North America and made  
his act a possibility. It was the first euro-  
peanization of a non-European people. But  
it was not the last. And if any one wishes  
to read a remarkably concise account of  
how colonies have been established in  
Africa, Asia, Australia, of the differences  
between the colonial policies of the various  
countries and of the numerous subsequent  
incidents—wars, opening up of new trade  
routes, interchange of ideas—that have  
gone to make this world a political and  
cultural unit this book can be recom-  
mended to him without fear. And it is  
harder to recommend a text on history  
than to recommend a friend; the latter  
may make amends for remissions by chang-  
ing his ways; the former is immutable.

The fact that Europe "made the world,"  
however, is not the only lesson to be  
learned from this volume. That such a  
great story could be told in 490 pages  
will be news to those who are noted for  
their much speaking and much writing.  
For, bear in mind, this is no "outline of  
history"; this is history itself. And it is  
gloriously replete with neat little ideas  
thrown in just about the time you begin  
to feel that it is getting unpleasantly sub-  
stantial. There is the interpolated thesis  
that sea forces always show a greater love  
of liberty than land forces, for there are no  
garrisons on sea where the very spirit of  
liberty may be drilled out of men. There  
is the suggestion that the grand places in  
front of the railway stations in Paris are  
not solely of esthetic origin; they were put  
there in order to handle outgoing troops  
with greater facility. There is the com-  
plete denial of the familiar contention  
that the English are a race of shopkeepers.  
There is the justification with the evidence  
for the "corruption" on the part of the  
early Russian colonizers. There is the  
reason why England has always conceded  
the main point when it came to a dispute  
between her and us. And there is the  
magnificent rehearsal of the world war in  
the concluding section, with its references  
to our part which read as though the  
author had taken unstinted pleasure in  
writing them.

Is this book dull? Not in the slightest.  
In addition to reading well in Prof. Fay's  
admirable translation it is happily inter-  
larded with literary allusions that bring  
home once more the part poets have played  
in making the world a unit. This sensible  
Swiss historian has shown how old Johann  
Peter Hebel gave the real picture of Medi-  
terranean piracy; how Swift satirized the  
course of Irish history; how Heine in  
those remarkable feuilletons he sent back  
home from Paris foresaw the coming of  
trouble both in France and in Germany;  
how Lamartine versified the social revolu-  
tion in France. And so on—until you feel  
that the poets have written the real his-  
tory. They have; but history is "made"  
by those who are not poets. And in be-  
tween the Cavours and Carduccis, the  
Burkes and Byrons, the Harriet Beecher  
Stowes and the Shermans stands the his-  
torian. If unable to marshal a century of  
facts he remains in between and writes  
the history of some one people or move-  
ment. If an Eduard Fueter, he climbs out  
from his intermediary position, pulls the  
relevant and essential along with him and  
writes a book like this one—a combination  
of good history and good literature in which  
the stodgy still so commonly associated  
with history is not allowed to raise its  
head, while the alleged lightness of litera-  
ture is made to impart grace and not super-  
ficiality.

The world has become a cultural and  
political unit. History must consequently  
be condensed and correlated. Eduard  
Fueter has done this and set a precedent  
that cannot be disregarded in the new his-  
tories that must come.